

Stubborn COLDS

A stubborn cold is easily taken; it sticks to some people all winter and very often develops into bronchitis or consumption. You should cure a cold promptly by taking Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. This celebrated remedy is acknowledged to be the most efficient and reliable for all affections of the throat and lungs. It cures a cold at once.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

Promptly cures Stubborn Colds. Doses are small and pleasant to take. Doctors recommend it. Price 25 cents. At all druggists.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BIG STONE GAP.

TRINITY METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. A. Devay, Pastor. Preaching First and Third Sundays in each month, morning and night. SUNDAY-SCHOOL—Every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock.—J. P. Wolfe, Superintendent. PRAYER-MEETING—Every Wednesday night. REV. W. L. LEWIS—Every Friday night. CLASS-MEETING—Second Sunday in each month at 8 o'clock. P. M.—J. C. Brewer, Class Leader. Rev. Vaughn preaches at the Double Tunnel First and Third Sundays in each month at 4 o'clock, and at Stone Gap Second Sunday, morning and night, and at Mineralville Fourth Sunday.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. G. Matheson, Pastor. Preaching Second and Fourth Sundays in each month, morning and night, at the Episcopal Church. SUNDAY-SCHOOL—Every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock, in Presbyterian Chapel near the bridge.—H. I. Sullivan, Superintendent.

STONE GAP.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. SUNDAY-SCHOOL—Every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.—John A. Eason, Superintendent. PRAYER-MEETING—Every Wednesday night. YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY—Every Sunday afternoon at 6:45 o'clock.

U. S. POST OFFICE.

Big Stone Gap, Va.

J. M. Goodloe, P. M. S. R. Jessen, Asst. P. M.

OFFICE HOURS.

General delivery open from 8 a. m. to 9:15 p. m. (except Sunday). Sunday hours—From 9 a. m. to 10 a. m. and from 7:30 p. m. to 8 p. m.

MONEY ORDER OFFICE.

Open from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m. every day, except Sunday.

RAILS CLOSURE.

For L. & N. R. R., East, at 8:20 a. m. For L. & N. R. R., West, at 8:15 p. m. For Va. & S. W. R. R., at 9 a. m.

WISE COUNTY COURTS.

COUNTY COURT—Held the 4th Monday in each month. W. H. Bond, Judge.

CIRCUIT COURT—Held 1st Monday in April, September and December. H. A. W. Allen, Judge.

COUNTY OFFICES.

COUNTY AND CIRCUIT COURT CLERK—W. E. Kilgore. COMMISSIONER OF THE LAND OFFICE—W. G. Dohson. TREASURER—H. C. Stewart. COMMISSIONER (Eastern District)—D. S. Kelly. COMMISSIONER (Western District)—W. D. McNeil. SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT—W. H. Wampler. COUNTY SHERIFF—S. M. Taylor. JAILER—Charles Hughes. SUPERINTENDENT OF THE FISH—G. H. Sken.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

Louisville & Nashville.

(Central time.)

No. 81, Passenger daily—Leaves Louisville 8:30 p. m., arrives Big Stone Gap 8:15 a. m. No. 82, Passenger daily—Leaves Big Stone Gap 7:35 p. m., arrives at Louisville 5:30 a. m.

Big Stone Gap and Powell's Valley.

(Standard time.)

R. A. Ayers, Pres't.

A. B. Eaton, Superintendent.

GENERAL OFFICES: BIG STONE GAP, VA.

A transfer line for freight and passenger business between the South Atlantic & Ohio and Louisville & Nashville Railroads and the furnaces of the Big Stone Gap Iron Co.

Trains leave the Intermont hotel as follows:

For L. & N. train, going east, 8:40 a. m. For L. & N. train, going west, 8:30 p. m. For Va. & S. W. train, going south, 8:20 a. m. For Va. & S. W. train, going north, 7:00 p. m.

For further information regarding freight and passenger traffic, apply to

H. J. Ayers, Sec'y.

Ayers Building, Big Stone Gap, Va.

N. & W. Norfolk & Western

Schedule in Effect

November 19, 1899.

LEAVE NORFOLK—North and West bound

12:50 p. m., No. 16, Daily except Sunday

LEAVE BRISTOL—Northbound.

8:10 a. m., No. 4, Daily.

6:55 p. m., No. 34, (Limited) Daily.

1:40 p. m., No. 18, Daily except Sunday

TICKETS SOLD TO ALL POINTS

OHIO, INDIANA, ILLINOIS,

WISCONSIN,

MISSOURI, KANSAS,

NEBRASKA, COLORADO,

ARKANSAS, CALIFORNIA

TEXAS.

THE WEST, NORTH-WEST, SOUTH-WEST

FIRST CLASS SECOND CLASS

AND EM GRANT TICKETS

—THE BEST ROUTE TO THE

NORTH AND EAST.

FULLMAN VESTIBULE COACHES

AND SLEEPING CARS.

SEE THAT YOUR TICKETS READ OVER THE

NORFOLK & WESTERN RAILROAD.

CHEAPEST, BEST AND SUREST LINE.

Write for Rates, Maps, Time-Tables, Descriptive

Pamphlets, to any Station Agent, or to

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Burglar proof safes sell at sight. City or

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ALPINE SAFE & CYCLE CO.

CINCINNATI, O.

C. A. Snow & Co.

C. A. Snow & Co., patent lawyers, oppo-

site the United States Patent Office,

Washington, D. C., who have actual clients

in every city and town of the United

States and Canada, report that never be-

fore in their 25 years practice has the

work of the Office been so well up to date.

They claim that patents can now be pro-

duced in less than half the time formerly

required. nov-jan31

OPUM and Whiskey

cured at home with

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use

in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

1898

THE WESTERN

BOUND BOYS.

BY JOE BLACKIE.

I once knew two young gentlemen,

They being like all the rest,

They took an awful notion

That they would go out West.

They sold out everything they had;

Prepared to make the start,

With kindred and relation

And everything to part.

The first night down big Cowan

With relatives to stay,

Packed up their trunks and baggage,

To take along the way.

They talked of everything on earth,

Sat up full half the night,

Awaiting for next morning

To start so early and bright.

Joe Blackie, he was teamster,

Went along to drive the team;

It was hurry up, Joe Blackie,

And out on all your team.

We was joined at mouth of Sand Lick

By a man we all did know,

Who went along, as they all said,

For company for Joe.

The first for dinner

We eat at mouth of trace,

With no one in this company,

Who washed his hands or face.

We drove along that evening

Till it was growing late,

Until we came to the forks of the road,

Where we should separate.

We drove to Betty Troublesome

And put up with Nick Combs,

It was so hot they couldn't sleep

For thinking of their homes.

The remainder of this party,

Staid at another place,

So we was out next morning,

All seemed to be in haste.

Next morning we drove through Hindman,

Or rather a horse or so,

This was no sort of village,

As was declared by Joe.

He swore the man who named it

For years had ought been dead;

But alas it was an old woman,

As one of the party said.

It was Sam Ray, for instance,

And, of course, he ought to know,

For he'd been attending court

For at least a year or more.

We drove along till almost dark,

No place could get to stay;

We could not get a bundle of fodder

Nor as much as a feed of hay.

I did not like the people,

They had such hateful ways.

So some put up at Richies,

The rest they stayed with Hays.

Joe Blackie got disgusted,

Because his mule wouldn't eat,

He swore by old Jim Holston,

He never saw the beast.

He lay awake, he couldn't sleep,

For thinking about his mule,

At last the thought struck him,

"I'll get some horse capsules."

The day before he tore his sack,

Call up a lot of shoats,

So he gave his mule twelve capsules,

With a peck of fine rolled oats.

His mule then grew better,

And soon he was all right;

His stomach then came to him,

So he stood and eat all night.

We went on to Smith's branch,

Or somewhere thereabout,

While some of the party lay in the house

The rest they all lay out.

This was my traveling restaurant,

With meals all hours of night,

Alas, for poor old Stephen,

Who declared it was a sight.

This was his first night laying out,

He'd never lay out before,

And he said if he lived to be an old man,

He'd never lay out any more.

Henry Blair had borrowed a skillet

To get supper in that night,

So the man came out and hallowed

As we drove along in sight.

Henry Blair he was so frightened,

He didn't know what to do,

He says just wait there, boys,

We'll put the old chap through.

He'd started out that morning,

Before that it was day,

Henry got some "mountain dew"

To cheer us on our way.

We drank it down in a hurry,

We all felt lively and gay,

We then drove down to the mouth of the

branch,

And overtook Sam Ray.

Sam Ray came out bareheaded,

And said he had just got up,

So hand me out your bottle,

I'll take a little sup.

He says I don't drink whiskey,

Unless when I am sick;

But hand me out your bottle,

And hand it out here quick.

We drove on down to Jackson

And put up with a friend,

Alas, for poor old Blackie,

His journey was at an end.

This party repacked their baggage,

And took it over to the train,

Joe Blackie hitched up his yellow mule,

And started home again.

This party bought their tickets,

And started for the West,

So they got there, took up a claim,

And are satisfied I guess.

If you think that I am mistaken,

In what I've wrote for you,

Just ask this party about it,

And they will tell you it is true.

Farewell, my western kinkfolks,

I bid you all adieu,

May success crown your efforts,

In everything you do.

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